

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

"John Rawn."
By Emerson Hough. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25 net.

Every now and again a publication stands clearly out as a reflection of a certain phase of social or economic development, a development which, at the present day, enters into and affects largely all private and public relations and the life of the nation.

"John Rawn" is such a book. The man about whom the book is written is all there is of it. He overtops it, permeates it and centers it in himself. Certain notable details in general are furnished the reader, so that the quality of such an exceptional hero may be better understood. He was born in a Texas village. His parents were Methodists, his father a Methodist minister. In his boyhood, his parents did not care to punish him, and his teacher did not dare to do so. Was he not the minister's son? If his mother had misgivings, they were well concealed. She herself only shuddered in her soul when she heard the master of the house explain in contemplation of his father: "How much he is like me!" Yes, he was like. His mother knew how like.

When John Rawn grew out of boyhood he went to St. Louis to earn a living. At the age of twenty-nine he married Laura Johnson, working behind a dry goods counter, tired, wanting a home, feeling the need of being loved, comforted and protected. John Rawn hardly came up to her ideals. "He looked upon his wife with much as did upon the weather. Both happened and both for the most part were to be condemned. Still he took no active measures for the abolishment of either. In his household life he kept up the traditions of his father, and been reared. He ate all the beefsteak there was on the table when that latter was often the case, for his wife had need to be frugal. At times he would purchase a solitary ticket to the theatre and go alone. Yet he was generous, and always after his return home, he would with fine feeling tell his wife what he had seen. Sometimes he spent a Sunday in the country, but, as he himself had often said, he was never so alone as when he was alone. He always would tell his wife how green the grass had been, how sweet the song of birds, how bright the sky."

Laura, his wife, held her peace. Never a word of complaint, or fault, or reproach, or of longing came to her lips. Never did she repine at the situation of life which held them for more than a dozen years after they were married, one of perpetual monotony, of narrow, round, round, round. After some incredible, some miraculous way of womanhood, she managed to make the end meet, even to overlap a trifle at each week-end. A great soul this of Laura Rawn. But no greater than that of many another woman who does these things day after day until the time comes for the grave, wherein she lies down at last with equality and calm. John Rawn was her husband. That was all. She had a better way of the than to accept that fact and make the most of it. Which is tragedy, if you please.

When Grace, John Rawn's daughter, had come into the estate of young womanhood, her parents were still living in a humble locality known as Kelly's Row, and John Rawn was receiving still a salary that kept his household in moderate comfort. But John Rawn was on the eve of a rapid change of fortune. A young man named Charles Halsey was employed in the railroad office where Rawn held a clerk's position. Halsey was an engineer and a genius as an inventor. He was, or thought himself to be, in love with Grace Rawn, and often to her wife's house. His ideas as an inventor were such that John Rawn, an organization called the International Power Company was formed, with Rawn as its president, and Halsey paid \$5,000 a year.

Then Rawn began his career. Kelly's Row saw him no more, as he built a million dollar house in Chicago and poured diamonds into his wife's lap, when a word of love was worth more to her than both house and diamonds. After a while he no longer had need of such a life as a house. So he divorced Laura, who had been Laura Johnson, and by way of compensating her, gave her for maintenance stocks and bonds amounting to a million, calling her attention to his misfortune and the fact that few men would desire to be so generous.

Between the time of his taking another younger, fairer woman to precede over his "palatial residence," he induced his daughter, Grace, to leave her husband and to live with him. John Rawn, in making this arrangement, very sensibly pointed out that he could provide luxuries for Grace which Halsey was unable to procure. Moreover, he, her father, had need of her, and Charles Halsey must needs stand aside. And Halsey did.

But a slow purpose was forming in Halsey's mind. Having been separated from his wife and child, he saw another woman to whom he turned often for sympathy, between whom and himself there might have been comradeship and friendship. Here John Rawn intervened again. He dazzled the woman's mind, tempted her ambition, and married her.

Then Halsey, having perfected his invention, instead of putting it on the market destroyed every trace of his work by breaking his motors and making the secret of success wholly and entirely his own. He broke John Rawn also and held him at his mercy. John Rawn had taken his wife away. Well, he, Charles Halsey, would repay John Rawn in full. Upon John Rawn, who had taken toll of everybody else, should rest the burden of years, the burden of business failure and utter forsakenness.

Then when the hour seemed about to be struck by fate, the factory operatives, cut down to the last copper in wages by John Rawn, came to his house and being met by Halsey, who tried to quiet them, they shot down the man who was really their friend, and the sole guardian of the secret, which was to revolutionize the world of work.

Now, indeed, the end was at hand for John Rawn. And, now, indeed, came the supreme tragedy and tragedy of the book. Laura Johnson, the divorced wife, whom John had forgotten, living her unrecognized existence in Kelly's Row, appears upon the scene, brought to the house by the news of her daughter's death, flying to the rescue of her quondam husband, because of the stories of his losses in the newspapers.

"Here John," she said in effect, "here is the million you paid me when you got your divorce. I have never used any of it. I have supported myself

during these years since you sent me away by embroiling suspenders. Take the money, pay your debts, and be happy."

And so John generously accepted what she said. This, this, this woman whom he had once called wife brought, and said to her by way of acknowledgment: "I want to thank you—it's clever of you, I must say. It isn't every woman who would have done what you have done, my dear."

The book is a crude enough piece of literary work. But it has put in a strong light the immense egotism of a certain type of American manhood, a type without recognition of the rights of others, without realization of anything except a ruthless determination to hew a way to success regardless of what is backed out of the way before success is reached. It also shows the weakness and selfishness of the class of women who, by their submission and self-sacrifice, help to feed the colossal vanity of such a type.

Just what noted American multimillionaire is portrayed under the guise of John Rawn remains for the public to find out and agree upon.

There is throughout the whole of Mr. Hough's book a curious apathy of feeling an utter lack of anything like natural, sincere, hearty relationship about his characters, cords of association are strained and tense and do not vibrate naturally and harmoniously.

In its ending, the revision from dreadful tragedy to common-place pathos, appears grotesque in the extreme. The book is faulty. But it is individual. And it is a truth about American social and business conditions and people. Therefore, it will be read.

"Greyfriars Bobby."

By Eleanor Atkinson. Harper & Bros., of New York and London. \$1.25 net.

Not since "Bob, Son of Battle," set hearts a-throb the world over, has so genuine and tender a tribute been paid to the bravest, devoted and faithful dog as in "Greyfriars Bobby." Bobby was a very small and shaggy Skye terrier, who made his advent into life in 1858, when "Queen Victoria" was a happy wife and mother, with her bairns about her knees in Windsor or Balmoral. "Greyfriars" was the name given to the dog by the Kirkcaldy and Kirkyard, fronting on a market and lying up a slope and across a hilltop. Behind and above the Kirkcaldy lay the crumbling grandeur of once noble mansions reduced to grimy slum tenements in Edinburgh environs.

Bobby in reality belonged to a little lassie on Capldrae Farm, near Edinburgh. But being no lady's lap dog, he fled from the arms of his mistress to the sheepfold and to "Auld Jock," the shepherd with his great coat or hoddens and his plaid, in the pocket of which the little dog lay hidden securely, when this master wished to take him past prying and unfriendly eyes.

"Auld Jock" was a "fifeless, cotless, hairless man." He had slept, since early boyhood, under strange roofs, eaten the bread of the hireling and sat dumb at other men's firesides. In youth he had been a "Jock" in the Kirkcaldy. Then, out of some miraculous caprice, Bobby lavished on him a riotous affection. Up out of the man's subconscious memory came words learned from the lips of a long-forgotten mother. They were words not meant for little dogs at all, but for sweetest wife and bairn. Auld Jock read them when Bobby followed him at the plow-tail, or scampered over the heather with him behind the rocks.

At the beginning of the book the reader is informed that "Auld Jock" had been paid for his services and dismissed from the farm for the season to find work in Edinburgh. The farmer started back to Capldrae, but the little terrier sprang out of the wagon and scudded around to the market place where he found "Auld Jock" was not homebound bound. The small dog succeeded in his search for the shepherd. But cold and exposure had brought on pneumonia for him, and in a few days "Auld Jock" died, leaving a really broken-hearted little dog behind him.

The book, which takes up Bobby's subsequent history, tells how during all his remaining years he slept at night upon a grate upon which he had never ceased to mourn for "Auld Jock." Not that Bobby did not get any joy out of living. Not that he did not fulfill his duties and obligations in life. Not that he was so happy and cheerful and industrious as to set an example to the tenement children around the Kirkcaldy, and win their unchanging love.

So well was his history known that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh gave him a collar and the privilege of the Kirkcaldy, where dogs were not allowed. So moved were human hearts by the constancy of this little four-footed figure to the master whom he had lost that Lady Burdett-Coutts had a fountain, with a statue of Bobby surmounting it, erected near the gate of the Kirkcaldy, with which his memory was associated. And the children who lived around the Kirkcaldy tenement children, "knew that Bobby was still there on the fountain when his body was part of the soil, his memory a part of all that was held dear and imperishable in that garden of souls. They could go up to the lodge and look at his famous collar, and some time, when the mysterious door opened for them, they might see Bobby again, a comely doggie running on the green pastures and beside the still waters at the heels of his shepherd master."

"My Lady Caprice."

By J. P. Farnoll. Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York. \$1.00 net.

To go fishing in the summer, and to rural England, at a place called Riverdale, near Fane Court and Selwyn Park, when the beloved of the publisher's heart lives at Fane Court, creates an idyllic atmosphere such as seems to fit in with the love story which Mr. Farnoll excels in telling.

My Lady Caprice is the story of children as this author does. He creates at once the impression of being a man who loves children and is their friend, a man in whom they are instinctively believe, with whom they are in thorough sympathy. There are two child characters in "My Lady Caprice," a diminutive boy wearing a velvet suit and a lace collar, who, at various times impersonates Robin Hood, becomes a desperado, enjoys the favor of moon magic, transforms himself into a wild Indian and an outlaw, holds a tryst at a blasted oak, and goes in a boat called the "Joyful Hope" to the "Land of Heart's Delight." The boy, who is a loyal little soul, is familiarly known as "The Imp." He has a little sister named Dorothy, the proud possessor of a fluffy doll, which she calls Louise.

"My Lady Caprice" is the niece of Lady Agatha Warburton, who, desirous of separating her from the man she loves, Richard Brent, and marrying her to the Honorable Frank Selwyn, has

sent her from London to Fane Court, the adjoining estate to Selwyn Park. The little lad and lassie of the book are her married sister's children. Richard Brent, being privately instructed as to Lady Warburton's plan by his friend, the Duchess of Chelsea, goes on a fishing trip to Riverdale and speedily finds himself in touch with Elizabeth, who is "My Lady Caprice," and the woman of his dreams.

So eloquently does Richard Brent plead his cause and the need of his "old Kentish house with its quaint, high-gabled roofs and Tudor gables, the former abode of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen," so ardently does he urge her to help him bring back the old order of things, that at last, in a "dixie old church with birds for choristers and the Imp and Dorothy looking on, "My Lady Caprice" gave herself and her future into Richard Brent's keeping. Afterward she obtained forgiveness of her aunt, Lady Warburton, stepped aboard "The Joyful Hope" once more, and went sailing with her lover through the golden morning to "The Land of Heart's Delight."

"This is a pretty story in faith and prettily unfolded by a rare teller of such stories, and a weaver of dreams, to beguile the fancies of woman-kind and take them out of the shadow of sad and sober-hued reality."

"Zuleika Dobson."

By Max Beerbohm. John Lane Company, of New York and London. \$1.25 net.

A book remarkable for several qualities. First, for the number of new words it introduces, among them Narcissine, nomady, intagliated, apoplexis, deliquium and others of like kind and value. New words stand for much among time-worn companions. An author with an enlarged vocabulary is therefore, in a sense, an original being.

"Zuleika Dobson" is an extravaganza. Against the follies and perversities of a present social age the author has turned his caustic wit and sarcasm to show their flamboyant inconsistencies their monstrous cantiles, their unforgivable selfishness.

To exemplify his meaning Max Beerbohm has chosen a young man, descended from one of the noblest and most pious English houses, and a young woman, the ward of the warden of Judas at Oxford, England. Of the young woman the author says that "on a desert island she would have spent most of her time in looking for a man's footprint," of the young man, that he was possessed of a dandiacal temper, but that he was not his wardrobe and his toilet table, not as a means to making others admire him the more, but merely as a means through which he could intensify, a ritual in which to express and realize, his own idolatry."

With such a starting point, those young people do everything that is whimsically impossible and irreconcilable to practical ways of thinking and living. And they enact their travesty against an Oxford background under the shadow of Home Emperor busts, at the portals of Balliol, Trinity, the Ashmolean and Judas College, in Oxford, where Americans winning the Rhodes scholarship discharge their duty to their country "by feeling a vivid respect for the future and a cold contempt for the past."

The book, with all its absurdities, scintillates with wit and is full of epigrammatic cleverness. Its story is its least attribute. Its characters and its irony are its greatest. Tragedy, grim and unrelenting, stalks through its pages, sounds in its laughter and mocks unendingly from its beginning to its conclusion.

In short, "Zuleika Dobson" is an achievement in fiction because of its originality and through the many sitting thrusts that attack the reader's consciousness through the keen edge of its satire.

"The Mystery of Mary."

By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. J. B. Lippincott and Co., of Philadelphia. \$1.00 net.

The adventures of a young American girl, first in Philadelphia and afterward in Chicago, are here interestingly told. The girl escapes by an accident from relatives who are trying to put her in an insane asylum and goes in quest of her property.

By chance the frightened fugitive

meets with a young man who immediately becomes interested in her and aids her in baffling her pursuers. She goes to Chicago and, in order to conceal herself more effectually, goes into domestic service. But in time her disguise is penetrated, and the man who had constituted himself her champion arrives just in time to protect her by marriage and to give into the power of the law her persecutors.

The story is written in a way that makes it specially acceptable and interesting to the young, and, to those desiring pleasant beguilement, it offers every inducement.

BOOK NOTES.

The Strindberg Plays.

Plays by August Strindberg, whose sixty-third birthday has just been celebrated with national rejoicing in his native country, have now and then appeared in this country in translations. But the collection which Charles Scribner's Sons are about to publish is the first which has had Mr. Strindberg's authorization, and whose selection has been approved by him. The volume is called "Plays by August Strindberg," and includes "The Dream Play," "The Link," "The Dance of Death," Part I, and "The Dance of Death," Part II.

"The Dream Play" has a prologue which Mr. Strindberg wrote last year as an afterthought, and placed at the disposal of Edwin Bjorkman, the translator. It has never been published anywhere, in any language. Mr. Bjorkman prefaces the volume with an introductory sketch of Strindberg's life and works. An excellent portrait of Strindberg stands as frontispiece.

The Dickens Letters.

The plain fact about the rich find of Dickens letters, which was appropriately trumpeted about far and wide during the days preceding the centenary, is as follows, and the statement should be welcomed by way of correcting misstatements as to their number and source.

"Charles Dickens as Editor"—so the book is entitled, and it is published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York—contains some 400 intimate personal letters of Dickens to Willis, his personal friend and the publisher of "Household Words," which Dickens was editor. Of these 400 letters only a handful have ever before appeared in print. Willis left the precious epistles to his wife, who left them to Lady Priestley, who left them to her son, H. C. Priestley, who is here in question. H. C. Lehnman, of Punch, who himself received them for editing from the aforesaid Mr. Priestley.

J. P. Morgan's Life Story.

The questions of authorization, authenticity, and cognizance in relation to Hovey's "Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan" have been sufficiently discussed in statements from the publishers, Mr. Carl Hovey, the author, and the representatives of the subject of the book, to say nothing of all that has appeared in the press here and in London. From the dust of the conflict the important facts would seem to emerge, namely, that the book does contain "inside" information not before published, and that no statement in it has been challenged.

The dramatic story of Mr. Morgan and the 1895 bond issue is told in this book.

This biography, published just as Mr. Morgan is so much in the public eye

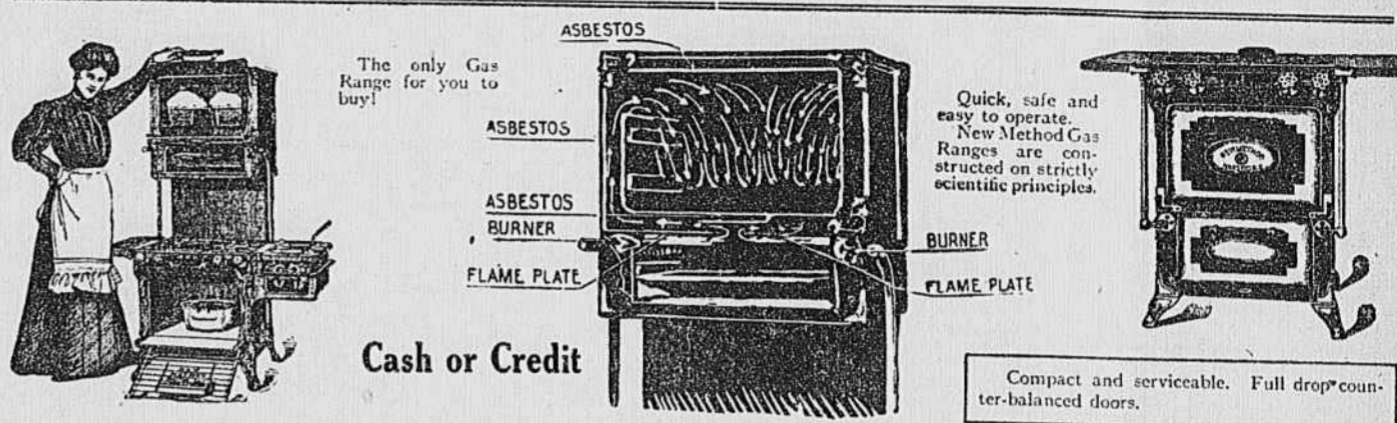
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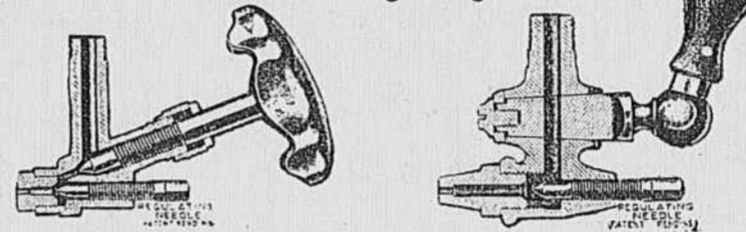


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in England, has made a great stir in London, all the great dailies—The Times, The Standard, The Daily Mail—discussing it and "scare-heading" it at great length.

John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon."

The first play which Mr. Winthrop Ames will present at "The Little Theatre," which is to open for the first time on March 6, will be John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon." At about the same date this play will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, who later in the season will publish another Galsworthy play, called "The Eldest Son."

"The Pigeon" is a striking instance of Galsworthy's versatility. "The Pigeon" himself is a character of great charm, an artist, in whose studio the action takes place. The other characters are various types of reformers, sketched with delightful irony, and several picturesque vagabonds, of whom the most picturesque is the romantic Ferrand, and the most interesting, the pretty and pathetic Guinevere Megan.

Letters and Manuscripts.

A three-page letter, from General Washington to General Greene, among the collection of letters and manuscripts now on exhibition in Charles Scribner's Sons' rare book department. It is an exceptionally fine letter, of another personal character.

relating to actual plans of campaign. Another letter is one by Lincoln authorizing the celebration of Washington's birthday, and accompanied by a letter written by Elihu Root, once Secretary of State, referring to it.

One particularly interesting document is that signed by Edward VI. of England, with the seal of England attached. There is also George Meredith's original manuscript of his poem, "The Longest Day," and the first collected edition of Walton's "Lives."

Mrs. Greenhow's Service.

The career of Mrs. Greenhow, a noted woman spy in the service of the Confederacy, is told by William Gilmore Beyer, in Harper's Magazine for March. Mrs. Greenhow, who was imprisoned with her little daughter in Washington, is credited with giving information which resulted in the Confederate victory of Bull Run. She sent a message to General Beauregard, giving the route of the Federal advance, by a young Washington girl, Miss Duval, who carried the message to a house near Fairfax Courthouse. She sent a second dispatch, "Order issued for McDowell to move on Manassas tonight"—July 18, 1861—still again she sent the news that "the Federals intended to cut the Manassas Gap railroad, to prevent Johnston at Winchester from reinforcing Beauregard. As

her reward she received the following message from Colonel Jordan, of the Confederate army: "Our President and our general direct me to thank you. We rely upon you for further information. The Confederacy owes you a debt."

"The Lonely Queen."

This picture drawn by H. C. Bailey of Queen Elizabeth in the pages of "The Lonely Queen" will be an absolutely new one to most readers whose knowledge of her is derived from the pages of "Sir Walter Scott," reinforced by the conventional idea of England's Maiden Queen. It is the picture of, on the one hand, "Old Harz Maxwell," full of a rather coarse, healthy disposition, and, on the other, a woman ambitious and shrewd beyond her years, restrained by this shrewdness, while ever urged forward by loyalty to England and England's interests.

"The Following of the Star."

"The Following of the Star," the new novel by Florence L. Barclay, was begun at the Villa Trollope, in Florence, where George Eliot wrote "Romola." At this villa Mrs. Browning, Maxwell Gray and Lord Leighton often stayed, and more recently it has been frequented by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Thomas Hardy and Elen Phillpotts.

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